## THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Volume 2 .-- Mumber 103.

Grand Jaben, Mich., January 9, 1861.

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THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS. Published every Wednesday, BY J. & J. W. BARNS.

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Office, on Washington Street, (First door above the Post-Office,)

Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan

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All kinds of Book, Card, Post-Bill, Catalogue or Fancy Printing done on short notice, and at reasonable rates. Blanks of all kinds, printed to order, with neatness and despatch. Patronage is respectfully solicited.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. R. Sanford, Sheriff of Ottawa Co., Grand Haven, Mich.

James P. Scott, Clerk and Register of Ottawa County, and Notary Public. Office at the Court House.

Timothy Fletcher, Deputy County Clerk and Register of Deeds, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.

George Parks, Treasurer of Ottawa County, Grand Haven, Mich.

Atwood Brothers, Counselors at Law, Office, up stairs, 2nd. door above the News Office, Washington st., Grand Haven. W. S. ATWOOD.

J. LANGDON ATWOOD.

Rasch & Fiebig, Wagon-Makers in all of its departments. Shop, corner of Canal (west side,) and Bridge Streets, Grand Rapids, Mich. [1y not]

Frank C. Stuart, Watch and Clock Maker, and Repairer, Washington Street Gr. Haven, Michigan. A New and select assert-ment of Clocks, Jewelry, Yankee Notions, &c., just received. Prices low and terms cash,-Patronage of the Public respectfully solicite Grand Haven, March 21st, 1860.—[u 64 tf

J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon. Office, accord door above News Office, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence, Washington street, Grand Haven, Mich.

Augustus W. Taylor Judge of Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third Mondays of each Month.

Charles E. Cole, County Surveyor, Civil Engineer and Leveler. Post-Office Address: Berlin, Ottawa County, Mich.

George E. Hubbard, Dealer in Stoves, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spike, Glass, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Butcher's Files; and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Wares. Jeb work done on short notice. Corner of Washington and First sts., Grand Haven, Mich.

Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer of Stationary and Marine, high or low press-ure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferrysburg, Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hard-ware, Boots and Shoes, stc. State Street, Mill Point, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Provision Merchant. One door below the Post Office, Washington Street.

Cutler, Warts & Stedgman, Deal-

Miner Hedges, Proprietor of the La-mont Premium Mills, dealer in Merchandise, Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and Mill Feed, Shingles, &c., &c. Lamont, Otta-wa County, Michigan.

Noah Perkins, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, &c. Opposite the store of J. H. Newcomb, State st., Mill Point, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer in Gents Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St. next door to the Drug Store.

Lewis Porter, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Clothing Goods. No. 16, Canal St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shin-gles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Buriness Of-fices, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and 236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. F. Chubb. Manufacturer of and kinds of Farming Tools and Machines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal Street, Grand ricultural War Rapids, Mich.

O. H. Silver, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office opposite the Post-Office, Grand Haven, Mich.

The dirty baby was still peoping thro words left sun-beams in the cheerless the cobwebs. He caught a glimpse of home after she had gone.

## IN MEMORY.

Another little form asleep, And a little spirit gone; Another little voice is hushed, And a little angel born. Two little feet are on the way To their home beyond the skies, And our hearts are like the vold that co When a strain of music dies.

A pair of little baby shoes, And a lock of golden hair; The toy our little darling loved, And the dress she used to wear; The little grave in the shady nook Where the flowers love to grow-And these are all of the little hope

That came three years ago. The birds will sit on the branch above And sing a requiem To the beautiful little form

That used to sing to them. But never again will the little line To their songs of love reply; For that silvery voice is blended with The minstrelsy on high.

## HOWARD STREET.

CAPITAL STORY OF HUMAN NATURE.

The long walk down from Madison street, where Mrs. Jefferson lived, could street, where Mrs. Jefferson lived, could be very much shortened by passing thro' a dirty alley, designated "Howard Street." or go near the dirty alley again; but on taking with some ladies of a benevolent taking with some ladies of a benevolent association, of the degradation of its inhabitants she consented, after consideration to go as missionary to the but, one day being in great haste, she said to herself, "I think I will venture to go through the dirty lane."

Accordingly she drew down her face to its greatest possible length, and, with a frown upon her brow, set her pretty gaitered foot on the walk. Passing along, bewailing the necessity which subjected her to the annoyance of such miserable spectacles and offensive odors she approached a group of boys amusing themselves with pop-guns. Half a dozen voi-ces shouted "Pop goes the Weasel," and the potatoes from the guns of the accurate marksmen came in contact with Mrs. Jefferson's nose. Darker grew the frown on her brow, and darker still as she received the unmistakable evidence that the next aim was taken at her back. An expression of disgust mingled with Mrs. Jefferson's frown as she discovered a dirty little child smiling at her through a cobweb curtained window. The baby's sister saw the look on her face and treated her to a splash from a mud puddle by the door.

"You nasty thing!" said Mrs. Jeffer-son, but was interrupted by another splash from the puddle.

Some boys were making miniature le comotives of mud on the walk. They did not notice the lady's approach until her fretful voice inquired. "Can I pass?"

"Yes, jest as quick as we get this in-jine done," said one.

boisterous shouts, which were anything but musical. Howard street was full of dirty, ragged

saucy children; and it needed only a pass-ing glance to see that they lived in places too filthy to be honored with the name of home.

Mrs. Jefferson was glad enough when she reached the broad and decent thoroughfare, she tried to put on a cheerful, pleasant face, but she could not help see ing the mud splashes on her dress; she feared the potatoe from the pop-guns had left its mark on her face, and her gaiter boots had not been at all improved by coming in contact with the dirt. The faces of those "horrid children" seemed to haunt her too.

She went home the farthest way round. resolving, whatever her haste might be never again to try to save time by Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water St., Grand Haven, Mich.

"Never mind," said our sunchiny Mrs.

Baldwin. "I felt like dropping in, and be never again to try to save time by I thought I would take the liberty."

"Bless To food take the liberty." behind her tripped along her little neigh-bor, Mrs. Baldwin.

"Rather uninviting," said she to her-self, as her happy face looked down the dingy alley, "but I'll try and see how dingy alley, "but I'll try and see how many smiles I can get from the dirty little folks."

With grateful feelings in her heart that God had drawn her lines in pleasant places, she reached the pop-gun marks-men who had just taken such successful aim at Mrs. Jetterson.

face until the other boys exclaimed:
"Hold on, Tom! Don't shoot that

Tom looked up with an expression which said, "I will if I have a mind to." But in Howard street that afternoon. None

win heard him say:

her sunshiny face, and instantly commenced such a crowing and capering that the lady had to stop and look at her and

say aloud:
"What a dear baby you are."
Baby's sister saw the admiring look and heard the praise bestowed, and hurried to the door, broom in hand, but not this time to improvise a shower from the mud puddle, but said:

mud puddle, but said:

"The walk is so dirty for your nice dress that I want to sweep it off for you."

The little engine makers were engrossed with their tops, and hesitated about leaving their work long enough to let the lady pass, but she said pleasantly:

"These are very nice locomotives, boys, and hesitated about leaving their work long enough to let the lady pass, but she said pleasantly:

"These are very nice locomotives, boys, and held come in collision with

I'll try and not come in collision with

The boys made way for her right quickly and from the lips of more than one came a "beg pardon madam."

Every little child was ready to give back smile for smile, and it was with a face perfectly radiant with happiness that she greeted her friends as she passed down Main street. Mrs. Baldwin told her husband all about her walk, and her adventure, and he (silly fellow) kissed her and

"Bless your heart, dear wife! You are a perfect sunbeam. Who besides you could find anything but wretched-

ble urging, to go as missionary to the "poor, miscrable creatures." She supplied herself with a bundle of tracts; and taking care to wear clothing which would not suffer the least injury from dirt, she "Dear! dear me!" she said, as she en

tered a wretched domicil, "I sho'd think you would infect the whole city with fevers and choleral. Don't you know it is shamefully wicked for you to be so dirty ? Are you a friend of the Savior ?" she added, in a simple tone.

"I don't want to be, if you are," was "Here are some tracts I would like to

have you read if you can.' woman snatched the tracts from her hand tore them to pieces, and threw

them in her visitor's face. Shaking the dust from her feet Mrs. Jefferson passed from that dwelling to another making similar remarks, and meeting with a similar reception.

"Here comes that cross woman, who looks so ugly at baby's sisters and companion," and she slammed the door in Mrs. Jefferson's face.

"I should think you would be sick and should think your husband would not drink, says Mrs. J. to a pale, feeble looking woman. I am not surprised at it at all. You ought'nt to live in this miser-

able way."

Mrs. Jefferson did her daty in distribujine done," said one.

"Let her go by, Bill. Only don't tip the cars over with your hoops," said antion of seeing the most of them follow her into the street, and the rest were content to flames.

praved," said Mrs. Jefferson. "There is no use trying to do anything for Howard

Mrs. Baldwin could not help feeling an interest in the children who responded so readily to her kind looks, and so without telling even Mr. Baldwin what she proposed to do, she sat out to make some calls among them. She thought she would call first where the baby lived, for

she felt quite sure of a kind reception. 'Twas a right joyful welcome they gave her, for the baby's sister exclaimed:

"O, here is the pleasant lady, who stopped to look at Patsey, the other day!
O, she is coming right in here." "It is too dirty a place for the like o'ye," said Patsey's mother.

" Never mind," said our synchiny Mrs.

have a rale lady to see my house. Things didn't use to go so wid me! No, indade! And the poor woman poured her life's history into the stranger's ear.

Tears filled the listener's loving eyes as she replied:

"I think I can understand your feelings, my good woman. A poor, weary body must require rest after she has been over the wash-tub all day; but this smart little girl, who swept the walk so nicely the other day, could make a capital house-"Now for my smiles," thought Mrs.
Baldwin, as she greeted the boys with such a frank, genial look, that won pleasant answering smiles from all but one.

"Now for my smiles," thought Mrs. keeper, I am sure. Won't you try it, my little girl? Won't you place everything up clean, and keep nice and tidy? Try! so when I call again I can see how He was so busy getting his pop-gun into nice you look here. Wash your dear lit-running order that he did not see her the baby-brother's face, and brush his hair and have his clothing clean, and I shall love to tend and kiss him, for he is a beautiful baby, I think."

Desiar in Plows, Cultivators, Threshing Ma-the lady gave him such a merry smile treated her rudely, and many opened their chines, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Presses and all kinds of Parming, Tools and Machines. Ar in heard him say:

"Well, I'd rather not shoot her, I acked?"

"Well, I'd rather not shoot her, I heard shoo

In two or three weeks Mrs. Baldwin called again. Baby's sister bounded to meet her, exclaiming with delight:

"The sweet lady has come at last!"

The "sweet lady" could not believe it was the same place where she had called before. The colwebs had been brushed down—the old become instead of dain. down-the old broom, instead of doing service in the mud puddle, had swept and service in the mid puddle, had swept and scrubbed the floor. Everything was in order. A few weeds and common flowers formed a bequet for the table, and the crowing, capering baby, was perfectly bewitching in his wholesome cleanliness.

"Well done, my brave little girl! I have you will learn on."

hope you will keep on."
"Keep on, indade, and I will keep on ma'am! Father says he won't stay away nights, as long as everything is so nice and pleasant here—and mother says she can rest a great deal better when she comes home, and her face looks so happy,

too. O, nin't it nice to be clean ?" Some had failed to carry out their plans of reform, but others had succeeded, and testified to the delights of a nent, orderly home. The indolent and discouraged housekeepers were roused by the good example of their neighbors, and one by one they followed suit, until at length the leaven had leavened the whole lump.

After two or three such friendly visits, They were not only kindly received, but different families met together to hear them read, not so much for the good they might get, as for the kind lady's sake. The tracts produced good effects, however, and from time to time there were added to the various city churches from the inhabitants of Howard street, of such as hided Mr. Lay, of Camden, for promising shall be saved.

It was two years ago that Mrs. Baldwin made her first call at the dirty alley; and now the walk which shortened the way down is lined with neat cottages with flowers in the yards, and vines curtaining the windows-the homes of sober. contented working men and women. Mrs. Jefferson wonders, with many others, what can have wrought such happy changes. Mrs. Baldwin has never blazoned her successful work abroad, but she thanks God that he has made her the humble instrument of beginning the good brother Bill's arm, work in Howard street.

Moore's Rural New Yorker.

glue" man, is conquering even Bonner in the wealth of his advertising. He has made contracts for this year amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, and gives the N. Y. Tribune alone \$31,000 or a single column in all its issues for one

Prof. Morse has just received from the King of Portugal the cross of Chev-alier of the order of the Tower and Sword, being the fifth title of that character which has been bestowed upon him by European sovereigns for his invention of the telegraph.

- Miss Mary-"Now, Harry, if you are a doctor, you must prescribe for me. I have resolved to see seed with my Na-What can I take?"

Dr. Harry (thinking this the best opportunity he has had) - "I've no doubt as to what is the best remedy to takeyou'd better take me!"

To "The Court will please observe," said an Arkansas lawyer, "that the gentleman from the east has given them a very learned speech. He has roamed with old Romulus, sonked with old Socrates, ripped with old Euripides, and cantered with Cantharides! but what—your Honor—what does he know about the law of old Arkansaw ?"

A democrat and republican, both strong partisans, met a day or two after election, when the following dialogue took

D .- " Well, neighbor, how do you feel since election?"

R .-- "I feel as Lazarus did." D .- " How is that?"

R.—"Content to rest happily in Abra-ham's bosom. But how do you feel since election !" D .- " I feel as Lazarus did."

R .- "But how is that?" D .- " I feel as though I had been licked by dogs."

WAVES OF FIRE .- A traveler in the Sandwich Islands, while visiting the volcano near Hilo, witnessed a wonderful phenomenon. As he was sitting at lunch on a high bank overlooking the crater, with his face turned to avoid the intense heat, he was startled by a noise like the rushing together of vast bodies of water, and was obliged to run to escape the great heat. The whole surface of the lake was in the wildest commotion. Great billows of fire rolled from every side of the lake, meeting the flerce conflict, receding and rushing together again with increased force, shooting into the air, perhaps a hundred feet, a vast spiral body of red liquid lava, which finally combined over and fell in graceful spray back into the lake again. When the lake was restored to its usual order, it seemed to have fall-are we going to do with all the bread?" at least ten feet,

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

- If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of a doubt,

— A horse-dealer, in describing a used up horse, said he looked as if he had been editing a newspaper. - An Irish judge said, when address

ing a prisoner, " you are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to

- " The ocean speaks eloquently and forever."- Beecher. "Yes, and there's no sort of use in telling it to 'dry up.'

— A true picture of despair is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence, to get a cabbage that is only a few inches to us. We love thee for thy sweet membeyond his reach.

- Women love to find in men a diffi-

cult combination—a gentleness which will invariably yield, with a force which will invariably protect. "She isn't all that my fancy paint-

ed her?" bitterly exclaimed a rejected Atlantic coast to the shores of the Palover, "and, worse than that, she isn't all cific, and from Maine's wild forests to Cafthat she paints herself."

- A printer's devil wanting to kiss After two or three such friendly visits, Mrs. Baldwin took some tracts with her. They were not only kindly received, but placing my imprint on your bill.

- A wag seeing a lady at a party with a very low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying that she outstripped the whole party. - Mrs. Alice Yell, on Saturday, cow-

to marry her and not performing. As he wouldn't make her Lay, she made him - "Miss, can I have the exquisite pleasure of rolling the wheel of conversa-tion around the axle-tree of your under-

standing a few minutes this evening !"-- A man took off his cont to show a terrible wound he had received a few years before. Not being able to find the wound, he suddenly remembered that it was his

— A skating-cap for beginners, with cushions to protect falling heads from concussions, having been invented, the ubiquitous Jenks suggests that it would be a better plan to put the cushions a little below the suspender buttons behind.

"I tell you Susan, that I will com-

mit suicide if you don't have me."

"Well Charley, as soon as you have given me that evidence of affection, I will believe you love me."

He immediately bung himself upon her eck and said: "There, is not that an act of Suey-side!" She caved.

- It is said that Gen. Joe Lane has sent the following dispatch to the Governor of N. C.: "Deer gov-oregon is probably lost.

did the gob. Our only trust now is in god and a Southern onion. Yours, jo Lane."

the following dispatches are reported to have passed over the wires between New York and Charleston. Charleston merchant to profine corres

"Send me fifty barrels of flour .-George."

"Eat your cotton, d-n von.-Har-

Answer of profane merchant:

- A little boy while playing in the yard one day, picked up a curious little thing that ladies use in corsets, called eye-lets, while admiring it he accidently swallowed it; he ran in the house with tears in his eyes to tell his mother, "O mother, O! I, O dear;" "Why Johnny, what is the matter, tell me quick;" "I, boo-hoo, have swallowed a hole, with a piece of ivery around it."

— Grundy was the captain of a Sound schooner, had been for years, and a most excellent skipper, though fearfully given to his grog. With him, as mate, given to his grog. With him, as mate, was Jack Brown, also an irreclaimable devotee to king Bacchus. It was the custom, and is yet, we believe, for owners to advance captains a small amount for the purchase of " small stores." On the ocasion referred to \$15 was allowed. Just before weighing anchor, Capt. Grundy called his cook, a lad of fifteen years, say-

"Jack, go ashore and get \$15 worth of stores (and with a knowing wink); you know what kind to buy, and see that the

supply is very good."
Soon after the lad was seen returning with a grocer's wagon, when Captain G.

said the enraged captain.

OUR NATIVE LAND .- There is a charm in the word home, and the sons of every clime, when journeying o'er the earth, feel their hearts leap for joy at the thought of their native land.

The dreary regions of the north, with their lofty reebergs, frozen seas, eternal snows, and long weary nights, and the sultry regions around the equator, with their burning sun, and hot, parching winds, have their charms for these born

and bred among them.

"Home again," is the joyous cry of the mariner when he hoists anchor and shapes his course toward his native land. And "Home, sweet home," is ever the song of the wanderer in a foreign clime. Thus may it ever be with us, favored sons of

ories, thy priceless privileges, thy relig-ious freedom, thy noble mountains, fair, green hills and charming vales. Our fathers fought for thee; that they

might find in thee a home, and in thy lands their children's heritage; and now, east and west, north and south, from the

ifornia's golden lands, all-all is ours. When the great Napoleon stood upon the summit of the snow-topped Alps and threw his engle eye down upon the fair plains of Italy, with her sunny vales, her gentle streams and noble bay, it rested upon no fairer lands than those which repose upon the bosom of our mighty

APPLES.-There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally loved than the apple. Why every fariner in the nation has not an apple orchard, where trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every family lay in from two to ten or more barrels and they will find it to be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw mellow whole range of culinaries. A raw mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half; while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert that can be placed on a table is a baked apple. If freely used at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removes constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than

the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute the apple-sound, ripe and luscious for the pies, cakes, and other sweetments with which their children are too often indiscreetly staffed, there would be a diminution in the total of doctors' bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for a whole season's Hall's Journal of Health.

AFRICAN RAILBOAD-A CAPPRE RACE. The war of railroads has been carried into Africa. In the month of June last, a railroad was opened for connecting the colonies of Natal, and the Cape, on which occasion there was a grand assemblage of tive state. The election of Linkon has for the first time. The engineer intentionally run his engine at first very slowly, when quite a number of the athletic sons of the desert thought they would The New York Evening Post says try the steam horse a race. Onward they went together for about two miles, the woolly heads getting close to the front, when they yelled with defiant exultation at benting the steam devil, as they called the locomotive. At this place the embankment, which before was somewhat wide, now became high, narrow and steep. The spirit of the iron horse was now fairly aroused, so giving three tremendous snorts, he started off at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The last act which the engineer saw the dusky runners perform, was the execution of a series of ugly som-ersaults on the top of each other down both sides of the embankment.

> A PATRIOTIC LADY IN CHARLESTON. -A letter from Charleston, published in the New York World, says that the table upon which the Declaration of Indeendence of the United States was signed is now in the possession of a lady in that city. On the 20th, she was urged by the secessionists to permit them to use it for the signing of their declaration.— The lady told the committee who made the request that, rather than have the ordinance of secession signed thereon, she would burn the table to ashes.

The British Queen's thanks to the American people for their kindness to her son were recently communicated by Lord Lyon to Secretary Cass. The letter overflows with gratitude and courtesy.

A Southern editor was attacked by a man, for some personal grievance. The editor says: "To avoid injuring him, and prevent his injuring us, we go out of the way."

The famous sloop Spray, the cene of the murder of Capt. Leete, by Jackalow, the Chinaman, is supposed to be lost, as she has been missing since the middle of November.